

Why don't you resign yourself to that?"

She looked at the fog. It seemed to be getting thicker. She knew that her husband was still looking at her. She glanced at him again, and this time she noticed with a kind of horror that he was staring intently at her left eye where she could feel the muscle twitching.

"You will be sure to miss it now. We can't drive fast in this muck," he said. He didn't speak to her any more after that.

The car crawled on and on. Suddenly, the driver stopped the car.

"There!" Mr Foster cried. "We're stuck. I knew it."

"No, sir," the driver said. "We made it. This is the airport."

Without a word, Mrs Foster jumped out and hurried into the building. She pushed her way through and spoke to the clerk.

"Your flight is temporarily postponed. But please don't go away. We're expecting this weather to clear any moment," he said.

She went back and told her husband the news. "But don't you wait dear," she said.

"I won't," he answered. "So long as the driver can get me back."

"Good-bye, dear," Mrs Foster said, giving her husband a small kiss on his cheek.

"Good-bye," he answered. "Have a good trip."

The car drove off, and Mrs Foster was alone. The rest of the day was a nightmare. She sat on a bench, and every thirty minutes she would ask if the situation had changed. She was told to wait, because the fog might blow away at any moment. After six in the evening it was announced that the flight had been postponed until eleven o'clock the next morning.

Mrs Foster didn't quite know what to do. She hated to leave the airport. She didn't wish to see her husband. She was terrified that he would eventually manage to prevent her from getting to France. The safest would be to remain where she was. So she called her husband, and said she would just get a room somewhere for the night.

"That would be foolish," he said. "You've got a large house at your disposal. Use it."

"But, dear, it's empty. There's no food in the house."

"Then eat before you come in. Don't be so stupid, woman."

Everything you do, you seem to want to make a fuss about it."

"Yes," she said. "I'm sorry. I'll get myself a sandwich here."

It was still foggy so she didn't arrive back at the house until fairly late. Her husband emerged from his study.

"Well," he said, "how was Paris?"

"We leave at eleven in the morning," she answered. "It's definite."

Part Three

occasionally nå og da / no og da
meekly følgelig, underdanig /
føyeleg, underdanig
specific bestemt, særskilt
fussing gjøre stort vesen av, prate
tull / gjere stort vesen av, prate
tull
resign avfinne seg med
intently med spent oppmerksom-
het / med spent merksemd
muck dritt, møkk / drit, møkk
crawl kjøre sakte
clerk funksjonær
temporarily midlertidig/
mellombels
postpone utsette/utsetje
eventually til slutt
manage greie
prevent (for)hindre
remain bli værende / bli verande
at the disposal of til rådighet / til
rådvelde
fairly ganske, nokså
emerge komme ut / kome ut
study arbeidsrom
definite avgjort, bestemt



Rojan (1891-1979):
By Plane (1929),
colour lithography.

"You mean if the fog clears."
"It's clearing now. There's a wind coming up."
"You look tired," he said. "You must have had an anxious day."
"It wasn't very comfortable. I think I'll go straight to bed."
"I've ordered a car for the morning," he said. "Nine o'clock."
"Oh, thank you, dear. And I certainly hope you're not going to bother to come all the way out again to see me off."
"No," he said slowly. "I don't think I will. But there's no reason why you shouldn't drop me at the club on your way."
She looked at him. "The club is downtown," she said. "It isn't on the way to the airport."
"But you'll have plenty of time, my dear. Don't you want to drop me at the club?"
"Oh, yes - of course."
"That's good. Then I'll see you in the morning at nine."

anxious bekymringsverdig, spent
/ urovekkjande, spent